

OXFORD OBSERVER.

PARIS.....THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1824.

In presenting our friends and the public with the first number of the OXFORD OBSERVER, we feel it a duty incumbent on us to accompany it with a few remarks, relative to the object of its establishment. Situated, as we are, in the interior of the State, and the larger part of us depending upon the products of our farms for our support, it must be obvious to the most casual observer, that although our interests, in the aggregate, are the same with the rest of our fellow-citizens of this State, our local situation is such, that in things of minor consequence and importance, we are essentially different from those who are situated on the seaboard; that we are destitute of many of the privileges and advantages which they enjoy; that our sources of receiving information are not so numerous, and that the means of obtaining it are much more limited.

These, with many other considerations, which it would be superfluous to name, at this time, induced the publisher to issue his prospectus for publishing the paper which he now has the happiness to present to the public. And he is well aware, that the responsibility, which he thus takes upon himself, requires the most serious and deliberate consideration; that to conduct a public Journal, in the spirit avowed in the prospectus for the Observer, requires great care and attention; and that it will involve the publisher in many difficulties, where it will need superior abilities to extricate him. But yet he feels confident, for that he is not alone, for that he has engaged men of acknowledged talents, to assist him in the laborious undertaking, who will lend constantly their aid in conducting the Observer; and in addition to that consideration, the publisher has the satisfaction to be personally known to the larger part of his subscribers and patrons, and he therefore considers that he is not altogether in the hands of strangers, and he assures his friends and the public, that no exertions on his part shall be wanting to make the columns of the Observer useful and entertaining to the farmer, mechanic, doctor, lawyer, scholar, and divine.

Our agricultural department will contain such information as shall be of importance to the farmer, leaving out those superfluous experiments, and chimeras, which have served measureably to bring "book farming" into contempt and ridicule; but such experiments as have been found useful and beneficial, among practical agriculturists, will always find a place in our columns; and we solicit our fellow-citizens, who are practical farmers, to send us the results of all such improvements as they have made in the art of husbandry which they may have found useful. Nor shall the Mechanic be passed over in silence; for we shall always insert such improvements in the mechanic arts, as may come to our knowledge; while that which is useful in Medicine, so far as it can be administered without the aid of the physician, will be duly noticed.

We shall endeavor to devote a part of our paper to literary information, so that the scholar may be benefited and instructed, and also have an opportunity to instruct others, and we hope our literary friends, will favor us with their communications, which will always find a place in our periodical publication.

Nor shall we pass by those great and important truths in religion, which constitute the fundamental principles of happiness. And we shall endeavor in every paper to insert something of a religious and moral nature; but we shall exclude all such communications as may have a tendency to create party feelings, or to stir up that spirit of discord, which has too often caused a separation among those who profess the religion of Jesus Christ. All religious intelligence of an interesting and general nature, will be inserted in our paper, and we assure all sects and denominations of Christians, that they shall never have any just cause of complaint against us, for giving any one denomination a preference, in our columns. And in order that our paper may be useful, we solicit the preachers of every denomination of Christians to furnish us with such religious information and intelligence from time to time, as may tend to promote the general welfare of mankind.

Such decisions of our Courts as are considered interesting and important, will be published; and such other legal information given, as will be beneficial and instructive.

News which is interesting will always be inserted, and we shall take especial care, that nothing material shall be overlooked, that may take place in any part of the world, so far as it shall come to our knowledge. A summary of the proceedings of our National and State Legislatures will be given to our readers; and such information of a political nature as may be considered beneficial to the community, will be published; while, at the same time, we do not follow the mazy round of politics, we shall always reserve the privilege of giving our opinion upon men and measures whenever we think it just and proper; but we wish it distinctly understood, that we shall endeavor not to infringe upon the rights of others in asserting our own—and we only ask that charity from others which we exercise towards them: hoping that we shall be able so to conduct our publication that it may prove interesting and amusing to its readers and beneficial to the community: and should we err, or fall short, in our attempt, we assure our readers that none will regret it more than we shall—but, as it will not be expected that every one will be satisfied with us, in the management of this paper, we shall always adhere to

our own opinion until we are proved in the wrong, at which time we shall be ready and willing to retract.

We cannot close our remarks without presenting our thanks to our subscribers generally, and in a particular manner to such as have interested themselves in the establishment of our paper. They are entitled to our gratitude and respect, and we fondly hope that we shall not altogether disappoint them, in making our paper useful to them and our friends collectively.

We would observe to our subscribers at a distance, that should they wish any alterations in the conveyance of their papers and the places where they are left, to signify the same either to the carrier, or to the postmaster of their vicinity, who will give us the necessary intimations, which will be implicitly followed by us, as far as is practicable.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. BARTON: I send you a few sketches of the early history of this County, somewhat connected with its physical features, its resources, curiosities, mineral productions, &c. They are such as have come to my knowledge, and if you think them of any service, they may be used as you think most proper.

Yours, &c. VIATOR.

SNOW'S FALLS.

Snow's Falls, on the Little Androscoggin River, about 4 miles North from the Court-House in Paris, possess some considerable notoriety and are well worth a visit from the curious. The country circumjacent to the Falls is rocky, uneven, and almost mountainous. Two hills, one upon either side of the stream, seem heretofore to have met, and to have interposed a barrier to the passage of the river, through which it finally has burst its way, throwing the valley beneath with ruins and fashioning out a multitude of circular cavities in a ledge of granite, which was now laid bare at the base of the falls, and over which the water rushed with deafening uproar. There was probably a fissure in this ledge, traversing it in a direction with the river, which, in process of time, has been so deepened and widened, that now the whole body of the stream is precipitated through a channel so narrow that one may easily step across it, and through the distance of nearly fifty feet in the course of a few rods. Standing upon this smooth and solid bed of granite, you hear the water rushing and roaring deep below you, and sending up sprays in its angular passage, to be colored by the golden beams of the sun, and to be drunk in by the thirsting verdure on the banks. Looking through this zigzag channel from either extremity, it presents a profile strongly analogous to artificial fortification, and the eye hastily searches for the bristling bayonet and the cannon, as it sees the numerous bastion and curtain, and horn-work extending themselves as long as almost the regular disposition of engineer construction. Above you, the river spreads itself out in ample dimensions, and approaches, peaceably and silently, until it is forced to find vent in this narrow channel, where it lashes itself into fury, and pours itself along in a roar that is heard for miles around it. Standing in perfect security on the very edge of this chasm, you may look down into it,

"Through which foamglobes in eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride;
That down life's current drive remain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain."

Below you, the country spreads itself out in a rich landscape; you see the silver stream threading itself along through occasional woodland and opening, both sides of its rich banks exhibiting the thick monuments of industry and art. At a distance the village spire rises itself up proudly above the buildings that surround it, and divers roads are seen traversing the adjacent country, converging to the village, like radii from circumference to centre.

These Falls take their name from the circumstance of a hunter, named Capt. Snow, being killed there by the Indians, far back as the year 1732. This country was then a wilderness—New Gloucester, the nearest settlement was just commencing; and Capt. Snow and a Mr. Butterfield were engaged in hunting and trapping on the East side of the river, near by the Falls, and tradition points to the very spot. Indian depredations, at that time, were frequent. A party of warriors had descended from Canada, and scattering themselves upon our frontier settlements, were carrying with them devastation and terror. One party having laden themselves with booty, in returning, discovered the traps of these hunters and eventually traced them to their camp. Butterfield, who happened to be upon the outside, discovered them, when within a few rods of it—he uttered a scream of terror, and conjured Snow, who was within, to surrender, as resistance would be useless. Snow, who was aware of the horrible sufferings to which they doomed their prisoners, replied, that he never would surrender himself alive; that it was better to perish there than at the stake. The Indians, finding themselves discovered, with a yell, precipitated themselves upon the camp. Snow appeared at the door, with his musket in his hand, and made a demonstration of surrender; but he did this only to single out his victim. The Indian who covered the file in its approach, was of ferocious appearance and uncommon stature. His head was adorned with the plumage of the Eagle, taken entire, its wings depending over either shoulder, and its talons and beak so arranged, that it still seemed to have life and be conscious of its kingly power; when within a few steps of Snow, and signifying to him good quarters, Snow suddenly elevated the muzzle of his piece, and saying

that he neither asked nor gave quarters, discharged it into the bosom of the Indian Sachem, who rolled upon the ground, convulsed in the mortal agonies of death. Before Snow could recover the cannon, or make another movement of offence, he himself was slain and cut to pieces by the whole party, who had flung themselves, at once with fury upon him. They then betook themselves to lamentations and howlings for the loss of their chief, and after having performed all the funeral rites due to his rank and significance of their consideration of his loss, they sunk him in a neighboring bog, and continued their march Northward, taking Butterfield with them, calculating to offer him up as a sacrifice for the death of their captain. On the borders of Lake Umbagog, they were joined by the Indians who had been spoiling in other directions, and here they fastened several days, holding their orgies both for the success of their campaign and the loss of their Sachem. They afterwards went on to Canada, and Butterfield, watching every opportunity to escape, at length ventured, and travelling the wilderness alone, finally reached his friends in safety, and informed them of the tragical death of his comrade. The remains of Snow were subsequently interred by a party that went from New Gloucester, and a mound of stones, loosely flung together, still marks the spot where sleeps the valiant hunter, whose name is perpetuated by identifying it with the name of the Falls.

A curious circular hole has recently been discovered on the West side of the river, about half a mile from the Falls, on the summit of a hill in a solid ledge of granite. It is between two and three feet in depth and about 18 inches in diameter, resembling those that are found on the Falls only vastly more perfect in its construction. There is much speculation as to the cause and manner of its formation. It seems hardly possible that it could have been formed by a current of water passing over the rock, as the hill is so high, this being the only cavity, and there not now existing the least appearance of the smallest rill ever having run in that direction. That it was hollowed out by the Indians is still more improbable. It is in a place where they would be the least likely to congregate for any purpose, and if made by them, must have been done at an immense expense of time and labor, and for ought we see, to no possible advantage, and in fact, the smooth and rounded appearance of the hole on its outer surface seems rather to indicate water as the agent in its formation. We have examined it a number of times, and can only add with the poet,

"The thing is neither strange nor rare,
But, how the Devil came it there?"

FOURTH OF JULY.

We do not hear of any celebration of this day, in any place nearer to us than Portland. This is not as it should be. We ought to pay some little notice to a day that brings with it so many associations, which, as Americans, we love to dwell upon. We ought to hallow it, and devote to it the full measure of our talents, in subservience to the causes that sprang it into being. We ought to linger upon the progressive movements by which those eternal truths, that were this day promulgated, finally triumphed and identified themselves with American Independence. We ought to feel the currents of our life kindling into new war and swelling our bosoms with holy and rapturous feelings, in contemplating the worth, the talents, the courage and the sufferings that were displayed by our fathers, in the cause of truth, liberty and their offspring.

The time has been, when we needed not thus to have been reminded. But the lapse of 12 years has dampened our sympathies. The thunder of the cannon no longer breaks in with the beams of the morning, and the tide of population rolls not over the threshold to the house of God. As the causes which banded our sires together have receded, there has gradually been operating a disintegration of confederated principles—a diversity of interests has arisen, and that lofty nationality of feeling has lost somewhat of its intensity in the increase of its range. Most of the worthies who achieved our independence, have been numbered, and are sleeping with their fathers, whilst we, gathering around the fulness of our inheritance, count too little, upon the perils by which it was won, and by which it is to be sustained. When kings have confederated themselves together, and are devising means to arrest the march of intellect, and crush the embryos of liberty in their germs, ought we not, at least, to be alert? and ought not the watchmen who parade as sentinels on the ramparts of our Liberty, sound aloud the tocsin, while danger is yet "a great way off?" We cannot be too watchful in the preservation of our liberties, nor be diligent in growing up the minds of the youth into conceptions that will operate as a redeeming spirit to those selfish views, that are so extremely generated from the trailings in commerce and the seekings for office. In the world at large, the cause of freedom presents a gloomy aspect. That immense power, which resulted from the overthrow of Napoleon, has pursued a policy inimical to the interests of freedom, and thus far with success. The first breathings of Liberty in Italy were smothered under Austrian protection, and French bayonets and French canna have driven it from its cradle in Spain and crimsoned the earth with the blood of its guardians.

"Where is thine arm, O Vengeance? where thy rod,
That smote the face of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath and thunder'd from afar?"

Presses have been put under guardianship. Library and civil institutions have been put down and abolished. Levies have been raised,

and armies cantoned in the most populous and intelligent districts. Leagues, offensive and defensive, have been entered into—and it seems unlikely, that their subjects will soon make any efforts for their own melioration, groaning, as they are under the two-handed sway of ignorance and military fear. But we will not despair. For although these sparks have been quenched, Liberty has kindled its fire on the mountains of Greece, and gathered around it the descendants of those who fell at the Straits of Thermopyla, and on the plains of Marathon. Their exertions have been crowned with success, and Liberty is again about to build up its altars on the lands endeared to every civilized mind in so many recollections that brighten humanity. Go on—descendants of Miltides—the heart of every loyal American beats in response to your exertions, and his prayers are for your success. Tell the world, by your actions, and, more than all, that "Unholy Alliance," that there is an unquenched spirit pervading the bosoms of their subjects, gathering strength in the lapse of ages, and from the diffusion of knowledge, that will, one day, we hope, burst forth with a power commensurate to the pressure it has endured, and thundering in the ears of that unrighteous confederacy, tell them—
WE WILL BE FREE. LIBERATAS.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

Young genius of Oxford, come carol your lay,
Your Press is awaiting—your herald's way;
For Oxford demands (her aspirations care),
A Press for her freedom, and freedom of Press.
Ye sons of her mountains, ye sages combine,
Ye fair of her valleys your gazettes entwine,
Your services proffer—our Louities bestow,
Make a land of renown of your mountains of snow,
For bleak are your hills, and the long winters' blast
Her mantle of frost o'er your glaciers does cast.
Breathe on balmy gales; let a spirit of fire
Awake in the hearts of the son and the sire.
Bid Oxford arise in the strength of her might
And drive from her brow the dim vapours of night.
The Press with a majesty boundless as sea,
And a voice loud as thunder, bids Oxford be free:
With a stride from the Ocean she measures the pole,
And wears on the mountains of Oxford she'll rule.
She seeks a retreat in the land of the brave,
She shrinks at the tyrant, and weeps o'er the slave.
The land of the hills to the brave is a home,
For the hills of the Swiss, to their foes are a tomb.
Fair daughter of Heaven! O Virtue inspire
The soul of the Press with thine own sacred fire:
If on the centurion of Oxford remain,
A vice or a crime to encumber his name.
The foul treason blot in oblivion wipe
By the flash of thy sword, or the lash of the type.
Even hallow'd on earth! O Justice preside
O'er the fate of our Councils—our destinies guide:
Hail high o'er our homes, thy bright balance
Heaven,
And by thy red bolt be inquiry driven.
O passy the hand by extortion corroded;
Doom peerless the soul by its infamy goaded;
If guilt, with her train of dark vassals arrayed,
The quiet dominions of Oxford invade,
The Press thy artillery—the type be thy bow
To slay the base mercenary lifeless and low:
His voice be the carion where ravens shall feed,
His bones bleach the turf on which tramples the dead.
But let us be earnest in their anguish shall cry,
Their cheek pale with sorrow—grief-smitten their eye.
Then deal out thy mercy—The victim oppress
From the grip of the ruthless extortioner wrest.
The Press be thine angel our faults to record;
Our vices to pun—our virtues reward,
Our morals to chasten—our follies expose.
To gladden thine bosom though pregnant with woes
Our minds to enlighten—our wanderings correct
To raise our youth who in vices are wrecked.
Our tastes to improve and our manners refine.
And point the bold sinner to piety's shrine.
A light to the blind—to the darkling a guide,
A bride to the groom—and a groom to the bride.
A home to the stranger—a guest to the host;
Who brings him glad news of an heritage lost.
A pillar of fire to enlighten our way.
A mirror, the secrecy of life to display.
The Ycomany's Chart, which shall point out the soul
Whose Louities shall gladden the Culturer's soul;
An eye that shall ken the rich secrets of earth;
And drag them reluctant to being and birth.

CIMON

MARRIED.

In Hebron, on Sunday, the 20th ult. by Rev. Mr. Tapp, Mr. MICHAEL ALLEN, of Paris, to Mrs. ELZA Mason, of the former place.

DIED.

In this Village, on Friday Evening, 25th ult. JESUS DISCO, son of ALANSON MELLER, Esq. aged 9 years, after a most distressing illness.

"Disce has laid his withering hands
On that fair form—the brittle bands
That chained the soul, gave way—
It burst in shatters of clay—
How bright it was, let memory dream
Death had put out that morning beam."

DOMESTIC.

Sure method of destroying Caterpillars.
Take a small mop tied to the end of a pole, and dip it in any kind of fish Oil.—This should be applied to the nests in the afternoon, from 6 to 12 o'clock, and repeated several times, when the sun shines.

To destroy Insects on Plants.—Tie up some flour of sulphur in a piece of muslin or fine linen, and with this the leaves of young shoots of plants should be dusted, or it may be thrown on them by means of common swansdown puff, or even by a dragging box.

FLAX. Another machine has been invented by Samuel Davidson, of Romulus Seneca county, N. Y. for dressing flax. Its whole cost including the patent right, is only forty dollars. It has been tried by many of the most respectable farmers. They estimate the saving in labor at three-fourths, and the saving in flax at one fifth, compared with the common mode; while it leaves the texture of the thread unbroken. By the use of this machine the process of rotting may be dispensed with, as it will answer for dressing the flax either with or without rotting.

BY THE MAIL.

LOSS OF THE SHIP HANNIBAL.

Extract of a letter from Capt. John G. Low, dated Liverpool, May 22.

"We left the Capes of Virginia on the 12 April. Nothing worthy of notice occurred until the 22d, when in lat. 41, long. 40, the wind under close reefed main topsail and foresail, in a tremendous tempest, she was struck by lightning, at half-past eleven at night, while in the act of taking in the main-top-sail, which killed Thomas J. Lake, 2d mate, and two seamen, —Thomson of Norfolk, and —Johnson, a Swede; and wounded every man about the main mast but two: after getting the wounded below, I examined the mast coats and deck, but could discover only a small piece split out of the deck, from which I concluded the fire had not gone below. Shortly after, while rubbing the wounded, we discovered from the smoke that issued into the cabin, that the ship was on fire; immediately got the wounded men on deck, got the buckets ready, cut two holes through the deck abreast the mainmast, the flames burst up with great violence, but we succeeded in smothering it by throwing in a great quantity of water, until it was three inches deep in the cabin. At day-light we discovered the hatches were much burnt, we made several attempts to get at the seat of the fire, but the smoke was so suffocating, it was impossible to reach it and the cotton bagging was so much consumed that it was impossible to remove it, only in handfuls. We succeeded however in keeping it down till the morning of the 24th, when it began to break through the main deck; all hopes of saving the ship being gone, we cut some holes through the deck over the store room, and by sending down one of the crew, with a rope fast round him, we drew up some provisions and left the ship, in the long boat, being 14 in number, and steered our course for the western Islands; after being fifty six hours at sea, we were taken up by the brig Thetis, Capt. Taylor, and treated with every attention, and arrived at Liverpool on the 22d May.

Mr. John Taylor, of Virginia, broke his thigh, shortly after the ship was struck, and died 12 hours after in great pain.—The Cook was suffocated in the fore-cabin.

While on board the Thetis, a young man, named —Loring, of Duxbury, was washed overboard and drowned."

The Hannibal was a fine coppered ship, 315 tons, 1 year old, and belonged to Messrs. S. Austin, Jun., and J. W. Lewis, and was fully insured in this city.

ACQUITTAL OF MR. CRAWFORD.

[EXTRACT FROM THE COMMITTEE'S FINAL REPORT.]

"The Committee do not deem it necessary to extend their Report by protracted observations on the various parts of the evidence, as the whole is submitted to the House. They content themselves with saying, that, in their opinion, nothing has been proved to impeach the integrity of the Secretary, or to bring into doubt the general correctness and ability of his administration of the public finances. To this point, as the main object of inquiry, the chief attention of the Committee has been directed; as they have come to the result, which has now been stated, with the unanimous concurrence of the members present. Other points there are, of less importance, but which may, nevertheless, be supposed not to have escaped consideration by the committee. These, however, under all the circumstances they have thought it proper to leave, without observation, in the light in which they are placed by the evidence."

CASUALTIES, &c.

Fatal Visit.—On the 9th inst at Quebec, the city was visited by a thunder cloud, from which an unusual quantity of electric fluid was discharged (at two flashes only) upon the inhabitants. The principal streams fell on barns, which were covered with sheet iron, but without a conductor! In one wing, ensign John D. Cogan was killed, and in another, two soldiers and a little boy. The mate of a vessel also was reported to be killed, and many persons were prostrated by the shocks. The deceased were all interred together, with military honors.

A boy about 8 years old perished in the flames of a house, lately burnt at Framingham, N. H., a son of J. Smith Esq.—Most of the family escaped through the window.

Storm at Savannah.—On the 9th inst. the city and port of Savannah was visited by a thunder gust which for 8 or 10 minutes raged with tremendous fury. A number of small houses were scoured and chimneys blown down, vessels were driven from their masts and moorings, materially damaged, and much property in boats, cotton &c. seen drifting down the river; and several persons were seriously injured, but no lives ascertained to be lost.

Accident.—In New-York on Friday last, several workmen were digging in the rear of a house in Chamber street, an old wall fell down, by which one of them was killed and two wounded.

Lightning.—Last week, Benjamin Wells, a cooper, was killed by lightning, as he was preparing staves under a tree in Sugar Loaf, N. Y. The only wound perceptible, was a little bruise on the breast.

That part of the State of Ohio, which lies on the shores of Lake Erie, was visited with a storm of unusual severity on the night of the 5th.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

From the Providence American.

THE GREEK CAUSE.

Extract of a letter, dated Leghorn, March 30, 1824, from a highly respectable American gentleman, resident in that city, to his friend in this town.

The glorious struggle of the Greeks, there is just foundation to believe, will terminate in their freedom, from their late most cruel tyrants. There is not now a Grecian in the Morea, or Epirus, who is not completely armed; and their courage and their perseverance would have been honorable in the noblest periods of their illustrious ancestors. The first gun they had, was forced from the hands of a Turk. They are in possession of every fortress in the Morea, except Patras, which is on the eve of surrendering.—They never inquire the number of their enemies, but where they are! They advance, always, with the confidence of success when their adversaries are threefold greater. They have more than 100 vessels of war from 10 to 23 guns, and in every instance, have they sought the Turkish squadron, though containing many ships of 80 guns! There is flight. They have already burnt three ships of 80 guns, many frigates and corvettes. Lord Byron has been made a Grecian Senator, and he now commands 800 men—the officers are English, French and Spaniards—he has clothed them at his own expense, and devotes his ample fortune in their cause. He will one day be the second Homer, and recount in his sublime verse, the Grecian war, as the former has done that of Troy. It is stated the Grand Seigneur is preparing his last effort; but the Greeks are ready to meet them; and when they do, the Turks will be crushed. There never was a nation unitedly determined to be free, that did not accomplish their purpose. They have every incitement to render their hearts invulnerable; the example of their ancestors, and the impossibility to treat with their foes who acknowledge no bonds or treaties, to bind them, when they shall have the power to avenge themselves on rebels and enemies to their diabolical creed. They have now raised a loan in England which will greatly aid them. About two thirds of the Morea belonged to the Grand Seigneur or the Meschias—these are now confiscated, and form the most fertile lands, in the finest and richest soil in Europe. What they most want is a frigate or two, when they would fearlessly lay along side the largest ship of the Turks. Should the generous enthusiasm which I have learnt prevails in the United States, in their favor, produce sufficient, I should recommend it to be converted into a frigate.—It would remain a long monument of our attention to their cause, and would draw from them the most grateful returns."

Since the above was put into type, we have learnt that Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, on the nineteenth of April, after an illness of only ten days. A cold, attended with an inflammation, was the cause of the fatal result. He was a great friend to the Greeks, and to whom they paid the highest respect. The Provisional Government of Greece ordered, that, at sunrise, on the morning following his death, thirty public officers, counts of justice and shops should be shut for three days, except those of provision and medicine, and all musical instruments, dances and public amusements should cease for the same time—a general mourning should take place for twenty-one days; and funeral ceremonies should be performed in all the churches.

Thus have the Greeks lost a man who devoted his fortune, time and even his life to their cause; but, although he is gone, his name shall live to the latest posterity, both as a patriot and a poet. He was aged 37 years. His title descends to George Anson Byron, a Post Captain in the Royal Navy.

A letter from Constantinople of April, mentions that the Pacha of Egypt had abandoned the idea of proceeding for the Morea, but that his son was to proceed thither with a large force. Whatever may have been the designs of the Pacha, it appears from the following paragraph, which we copy from the Morning Chronicle of May 10, that they have received an important check.

Letters were received this morning, via Marseilles, from Alexandria, in Egypt, dated on the 5th of April, communicating news of great importance to Greece—on the authenticity of which the utmost reliance may be placed. It has been known, that for some time past that the Pacha of Egypt has been forming large magazines of gunpowder, and of all descriptions of military stores, at Grand Cairo, avowedly for the purpose of equipping an army to act against the Christians in the Morea, but more probably with the view of protecting the independence of his own Government, from the Grand Seigneur himself. The additions received this day from Alexandria, state that these magazines had been destroyed by fire, and that three thousand Egyptian soldiers had perished in the explosion. The value of the property destroyed was estimated at not less than ten million of Spanish dollars; and one of the effects of this event will probably be the abandonment of the expedition from Alexandria into the Morea, if his Highness the Egyptian Pacha, ever seriously intended to waste his resources in a cause so entirely hopeless as the rejunition of Greece, to the Ottoman yoke of barbarism. His Highness the Capt. Pacha had arrived at Alexandria with a part of the Turkish fleet, and the remainder of his naval force was expected soon to join him at that place. It was at Alexandria that the fourth expedition of the Turks against the Christians was to have been fitted out, for at Constantinople the Treasury was replenished sufficiently with money to enable the

Government to obtain the necessary supplies for such an important undertaking. The destruction of the magazines at Grand Cairo will prevent the Pacha of Egypt from furnishing the expedition with warlike stores, and thus it must be either altogether abandoned for this year, or be so defective in every necessary quality as to render the power of the Ottomans, during the fourth campaign against the independence of Greece, weaker than any of their previous efforts."

ITURBIDE. Another event has taken place which may result in affairs of importance to this western world. The ex-emperor of Mexico, Iturbide, sailed from Southampton about the middle of May, in an armed vessel, accompanied by a staff of 14 persons. It is said that he had assurances of being joined, on his arrival in Mexico, whither he was bound, by a numerous party, who will assist him in recovering his abdicated throne. His departure was managed with great secrecy. He took with him his wife and two infant children. Six other children he has left at school in England. The vessel had on board, arms and other military stores, a printing-press with other apparatus complete for the purpose of printing proclamations on his arrival. Previous to his leaving London, Iturbide had an interview with Gen. San Martin. A London paper says, "In abdicating the Crown of Mexico he was actuated solely by a desire to avoid a civil war; he now returns to Mexico as a soldier, not on visions which vex it, but also, for the purpose of securing its independence, which is menaced equally by intestine discord, and by the resolution of the Holy Alliance. We are confidently assured that Iturbide resisted every solicitation which was made to him, until he became fully informed of the determined views of the Holy Alliance in assisting Ferdinand, by intrigue, and by secret supplies of money, to attempt the subjugation of the whole of South America. Under these circumstances he felt it a sacred duty to return; he has gone, not with any views of personal aggrandizement, but as a soldier, to maintain the independence which his own efforts and talents gave to this country."

PARIS TAVERN.



The subscriber would inform the public in general, that he has taken the stand formerly occupied by Thomas Crocker, Esq. on Paris Hill; and has opened a

PUBLIC HOUSE:

and while he solicits public patronage, he pledges himself that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render the stay of gentlemen and ladies travelling both comfortable and agreeable.

ALSO—Good accommodations for HORSES. SIMEON NORRIS.

Paris, July 1, 1824.

JEREMIAH HASKELL,

Sign of the Gilt Hat, No. 7 Exchange-street,.....Portland, KEEPS constantly on hand, a general assortment of Superfine, Fine, and low-priced BEAVER, COTTON, and IMITATION

HATS,

ALL OF THE FIRST QUALITY.....ALSO, IMITATION HATS, on favorable terms, by the case.—Men's and Boys' FELT HATS. Portland, June 28, 1824. 3m.

CORONER'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. JUNE 29, 1824. TAKEN by execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of —THOMAS CROCKER, Esq. in Paris, in said County, on Monday the second day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, all the Right and Equity of Redemption, that real estate, situated in Turner, in said County, being the westerly half of lot numbered one hundred and thirty-four. Said land was mortgaged to William C. Whitney, Esq. for the sum of four hundred dollars, by deed dated Nov. 24, A. D. 1821, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds in said county, Volume 19, page 369—reference thereto being had for a more full description.

LEVI RAWSON, Coroner.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss. PURSUANT to Warrants from Elias Thomas, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Township and Tracts of unimproved LAND, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State tax for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-three, viz:

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| Township No. 1, first Range, | \$5 01 |
| do. No. 2, 3d do. | 4 73 |
| do. No. 3, 2d do. | 6 91 |
| do. No. 3, 3d do. | 4 73 |
| do. No. 4, 3d do. | 4 73 |
| do. No. 5, 3d do. | 5 11 |
| do. No. 4, 4th do. | 5 18 |
| do. No. 4, do. | 4 50 |
| do. No. 7, do. | 4 95 |
| do. No. 1, Letter A, | 5 89 |
| do. No. 2, Letter A, | 6 41 |
| Bradley's and Eastman's Grant, | 4 80 |
| Fryburg Academy Land, | 4 19 |

I hereby give notice, that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of said Townships and unimproved LAND, will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on Monday, the twenty-third day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of Oxford County.

Hebron, July 1, 1824. 6m.

PORTLAND AND PARIS MAIL STAGE.

THE Proprietor of the above line in future intends running his Stage twice a week. It will start from Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and pass through the following towns, viz: Wadsworth, Falmouth, Gray, Poland, Hebron, Norway and arrive at Paris same day. Every Saturday it will pass through New-Gloucester and Minot, going from Portland; and every Monday pass through the same towns in returning to Portland.

RATES OF FARE.

On Wednesdays going from Portland, and on Fridays returning.

| | |
|------------------------|--------|
| From Portland to Gray, | \$1 00 |
| " " " " " " " " | 1 25 |
| " " " " " " " " | 1 50 |
| " " " " " " " " | 1 80 |
| " " " " " " " " | 2 00 |

On Saturdays going from Portland, and on Mondays returning.

| | |
|------------------------|--------|
| From Portland to Gray, | \$1 00 |
| " " " " " " " " | 1 37 |
| " " " " " " " " | 1 50 |
| " " " " " " " " | 1 50 |
| " " " " " " " " | 1 75 |
| " " " " " " " " | 2 00 |
| " " " " " " " " | 2 25 |

Those who wish for passage in the above line, or to entrust business to the care of the subscriber, will please apply at I. WATERHOUSE'S Stage Tavern, in Portland, or to the subscriber's boarding house, on Paris Hill.

The subscriber pledges himself that good Carriages and Horses shall be provided. And that nothing, which assiduity and unremitting exertion can effect shall be left unaccomplished to enable him to a share of public patronage.

Paris, July 1, 1824. JAMES LONGLEY.

NOTICE.

THE committee chosen by the town of Paris, at the last April meeting, for the purpose of devising some system, for the support of the poor in said town, will receive proposals, on what terms a farm can be purchased, on which said poor can be supported. The contractor to state the situation of the land and buildings; the number of acres of mowing, tillage, pasturing and woodland; with all the particulars relative thereto; the amount of purchase money and times of payment. Said proposal is to be made in writing to either of the subscribers, on or before the 26th day of August next.

BENJA. CHANDLER, } Per Order.
THOMAS CLARK, } eop2m.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....NEWRY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following parcels of land, situated in the town of Newry, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that they are taxed for the year 1824, for State, County, Town and School Taxes, committed to me, the subscriber, to collect, as follows, viz:

| Owners' names. | No. acres. | Value. | County. | Town. | School. | Total. |
|---------------------------------------------|------------|--------|---------|-------|---------|--------|
| Formerly Sarah Bostwick, now John B. Murray | 9424 | 4712 | 536,38 | 35,34 | 32,51 | 604,23 |
| Formerly Sarah Bostwick, now Theoph. Harris | 6704 | 3332 | 336,38 | 25,14 | 23,12 | 397,14 |

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Monday, the second day of August next, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling-house of me, the subscriber, in Newry, at one o'clock, in the afternoon, as will satisfy the same.

ANDREW N. STOW, Collector of Newry. Newry, June 30, 1824.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following lots

of land in the town of Sumner, County of Oxford, belonging to non-residents, are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes in said town for the year A. D. 1823, in the following sums, viz:

| Owner. | Lot. | Range. | Area. | Value. | Town. | Def. of High-way tax for 1822. |
|--------|------------------|--------|-------|--------|-------|--------------------------------|
| Unkn. | 1st No. 6, N. | 4 | 60 | 100 | 93 | \$ c. |
| do. | do. No. 13 | 4 | 136 | 272 | | 3 45 |
| do. | do. No. 15 | 4 | 138 | 272 | | 3 45 |
| do. | do. No. 15, N. 7 | 45 | 67 | | | 84 |

W. cor. of a gore.

And unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Saturday, the thirty-first day of July present, so much of said lands will be sold at Public Auction, on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at Farlin's & Adams' store, in said Sumner, as will discharge the same.

SILAS COBURN, Collector of Sumner. Sumner, July 1, 1824.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the eight day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty four:

ON the petition of John Dennett, Guardian to Eliza Rowe, a minor of Paris in said County, representing that the personal estate of said Eliza is not sufficient to pay the just debts of said ward by the sum of thirty-two dollars and eighteen cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said ward as may be necessary for payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED.—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, de bonis non, on the estate of LUTHER PRATT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners.

THOMAS CLARK. Paris, June 8, 1824.

POETRY.

BY PERCIVAL.

There are moments in life which are never forgot,
Which brighten, and brighten, as Time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loveliest day;
Those moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears,
The first look of love, and the last parting given;
As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, appears,
And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in heaven.

There are hours—there are minutes, which memory brings,
Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;
And as time rushes on by the might of his wings,
They may darken awhile, but they never depart;
O! these hallowed remembrances cannot decay,
But they come on the soul with a magical thrill;
And in the days; that are darkest, they kindly will stay,
And the heart in its last throbs, will beat with them still;

They come, like the dawn in its loveliness, now,
The same look of beauty, that shot to my soul;
The snows of the mountain are bleached on her brow;
And her eyes, in the blue of the firmament roll;
The roses are dim by her cheeks living bloom,
And her coral lips part like the opening of flowers;
She moves through the air in a cloud of perfume;
Like the wind from the blossoms of Jessamine bowers.

From her eyes melting azure there sparkles a flame,
That kindled my young blood to ecstasy's glow;
She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same
As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody flow;
That touch, as her hand meets and mingles with mine,
Shoots along to my heart; with electrical thrill;
'Twas a moment, for earth too supremely divine;
And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling to me still.

We met and we drank from the crystalline well,
That flows from the fountain of science above;
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,
Till we look'd—though we never were talking of love;
We parted—the tear glint'd bright in her eye,
And her melting hand shook, as I dropp'd it forever;
O that moment will always be hovering by,
Life may frown, but its light shall abandon me—never.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

FROM NEWTON'S WORKS, ON SOCIAL PRAYER.

The prayers of some men are more like preaching than praying. They rather express the Lord's mind to the people, than the desires of the people to the Lord. Indeed this can hardly be called prayer. It might in another place stand for part of a good sermon; but will afford little help to those who desire to pray with their hearts.

Prayer should be sententious, and made up of breathings to the Lord, either of confession, petition, or praise. It should be not only scriptural and evangelical, but experimental—a simple, unstudied expression of the wants and feelings of the soul. It will be so if the heart is lively and affected in the duty; it must be so, if the edification of others is the point in view.

Several books have been written to assist in the gift and exercise of prayer as by Dr. Watts and others, and many useful hints may be borrowed from them; but a too close attention to the method and transitions therein recommended, gives an air of study and formality, and offends against that simplicity which is so essentially necessary to a good prayer, that no degree of acquired abilities can compensate for the want of it.

It is possible to learn to pray mechanically, and by rote; but it is hardly possible to do so with acceptance, and benefit to others. When the several parts of devotion, adoration, confession, petition, &c. follow one another in a stated order, the hearer's mind generally goes before the speaker's voice and he can form a tolerable conjecture what is to come next. On this account we often find, that unlettered people, that have had little or no help from books, or rather have not been fettered by them, can pray with an unctious and savor in an unpremeditated way, while the prayers of persons of much superior abilities, perhaps even of ministers themselves, are, though accurate and regular, so dry and starved, that they afford little either of pleasure or profit to a spiritual mind.

The spirit of prayer is the fruit and token of the spirit of adoption. The studied address is with which some approach the throne of grace remind us of a stranger's coming to a great man's door—he knocks and waits, sends in his name, and goes through a course of ceremony, before he gains admittance, while a child of the family uses no ceremony at all; it enters freely when he pleases because he knows he is at home. It is true, we ought always to draw near the Lord with great humility of spirit and a sense of our unworthiness. But this spirit is not always best expressed or promoted by a pompous enumeration of the name and titles of the God with whom we have to do, or by fixing in our minds beforehand the exact order in which we purpose to arrange the several parts of our prayer. Some attention to the method may be proper for the prevention of capriciousness; and plain people may be a little defective in it sometimes; but this defect will not be a hindrance to the efficacy of a studied and artificial exercise.

MASONIC.

The following elegant extract is from an Oration delivered at Port-au-Prince, on the 24th of June last, by J. G. Brooks, Esq. of New-York.

"It is now nearly three thousand years since the foundation of Masonry; as yet it has resisted the destroying hand of time. Kingdoms have risen, flourished, and fallen—the rock of power, the adamant of empire, has crumbled—moral earthquakes have dashed in ruin the strongest, the fairest fabrics of human enterprise and human wisdom; Masonry has remained unbroken, it has not bent to the storm, nor hath it died in the sluggish calm. If we examine the nature and progress of man's institutions, we shall find them all partaking of that mutability which characterizes his own strange, and fitful, and feverish existence; perishable himself, how can he confer eternity upon his works? He erects his statue of brass, the colossus of ages—triumphant Time, thou art not to the dust! True, he can ascend the everlasting arch of Fame, and inscribe there the letters of his immortality—he can kindle the fire of his renown which blazes for ages, a beacon to the universe; but he cannot recall the last foot sign of existence, nor protect his trophies against the scythe of destruction. Go, and learn this truth from the indestructible picture of history! Go, and moralize

amidst the ruins of Thebes, and ask where are her hundred gates, her thousands of chariots, and her million of warriors?

"Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'er-grows each mouldering stone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown
Are grey and death-like old."

Go, and learn wisdom from solitary Tyre, and ask where are her golden palaces and her numberless navies? Go and ask of Egypt, where are her twenty thousand cities, her temple of the sun, her Oracle of Ammon, and her sacred fountain; there the sun now shines on a bleak waste and the voice of the oracle hath been silent for ages, and the wild weed bath long waved in the bed of its fountain; Let Macedon produce the trophies of her conquering son,—let Persia show the diadem of Cyrus and the spear of Cambyses; they are enveloped by the oblivious pall, and the mournful voice of History tells only that they have been. So it is with man and the works of man—child of doubts and danger—the sceptre of uncertainty bends over his cradled slumber, darkens the warm noon of his manhood, and extends his dusky arm over the evening of his decline. He walks forth in his majesty, the image of God, and the Lord of creation—his path is on the mighty deep his footsteps are on the lofty mountain—he stands on his proud eminence and looks down on a subject world. Look once again, and where is he? The mysterious fire of his existence is extinguished—the cold clod presses on his colder bosom—the dull worm banquets on that brow where once sparkled genius and beauty—and the channel shroud envelops that form where once glowed the star of honor, and the purple of dominion!

Since, then, instability is inherent in the very nature of man, and spreads itself over all his works, we can best judge of the value of all institutions, by their longer or shorter resistance to subduing Time. We are safe in the assertion that no society can compete with ours in duration; it hath resisted every change and braved every tempest—it stood firm and beheld the wide-spreading pine of Assyria strewn the earth with its branches, in vast and gigantic ruin—it hath seen the stately throne of the just Haroun broken down—it hath seen the majestic eagle of the Roman extending the dark from over battle fields.

"Where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest
Strewed beneath the advancing banner
Of the Eagle's burning crest;
There, with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest,
Victory beaming from her breast?"

Ah, that wing was arrested and the proud bird struck down, a prey to the vultures of the northern forests. So it hath been—the pomp, the pagentry, the nightiness of nations have been humbled; the hand of obscurity hath spread his folds over palace and temple, and tower. The fierce storm of war, and the lazy moth of luxury, have united in this work of destruction; and the impetuous wave of Time hath ever been chequered by the fragments of glory and the wrecks of magnificence, floating along in fearful and melancholy ruin."

BENEVOLENCE.

Happy is the man who is free from envy, who wishes and rejoices in his neighbor's prosperity, being contented with his own condition, and delighted at the good fortune of those around him: his sympathetic breast beats in unison with the sufferer, and from his little store bestows a generous mite to the children of poverty. Enjoyment attends him through the various walks of life, and misfortunes rest lightly on his head—the morsel which he eats is sweet and nourishing, the water which he drinks is cool and refreshing, and the straw which supports his weary limbs, soothes him in soft forgetfulness. When he visits his neighbors in trouble, such benignity appears in his countenance, that the eye of sorrow wears a smile, and the distressed breast ceases to heave a sigh. Like a minister of peace, he is received among them, and his words prove the oil of consolation. Surely, he, above the rest of his fellow mortals, partakes of heaven here below, and a bliss which none but the virtuous ever claim.

HINTS.

Covetousness well planted in the mind will starve out all other passions; it will suffer hardly any other vice to live by it.

Pompous funerals, and Sumptuous Monuments, are more out of design to gratify the vanity of the living, than to do honor to the dead. Greatness may build the tomb, but it is goodness that must make the epitaph.

It is better to mind one's concerns, than to be concerned concerning; concerns that concern the concerns of other people.

DESULTORY.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"FROM O'MERA'S 'VOIE FROM ST. HELENA.'"
"Inquired of the Emperor in what engagement or danger? He replied, 'In the commencement of my campaigns. At Toulon, and particularly at Arcola. At Arcola my horse was shot under me: rendered furious by the wound, the animal seized the latrine between his teeth, and galloped on towards the enemy. In the agonies of death he plunged into a morass and expired, leaving me nearly up to my neck in the treacherous mire. I thought at one moment, that which would have come up and cut off my head, which they could have done without my having been guilty of getting at me, and the approach of my soldiers, who reacted me, prevented them.'"

"He replied, 'several times; but scarcely more than once had I occasion for surgical assistance, or a caustic shot took away a piece of the heat of my neck to me; I used no other application to it than a piece of linen dipped in salt and water.' I asked about a wound, of which there was a deep mark in the inside of the left thigh, a little above the knee. He said that it was from a bayonet. I asked if he had not had horses frequently killed under him? To which he answered eighteen or nineteen in the course of his life."

"The regiment de la Ferre" said Napoleon, "in which I had commenced my career, before I so fully reduced them. I accordingly had them marched to Paris, assembled on the parade, ordered the colors to be taken from them by some companies, and lodged in the Church of the Invalids (I think the early convent) with mourning. I divided the officers who had served so bravely as the principal actors among other regiments. Some months afterwards I formed the regiment again under different officers, and the colors were taken from the church with great pomp by a number of colonels, each tearing a piece off, which they burnt, and new ones were given in their stead."

LETTER FROM SPAIN, BY EDN L. DOBLADO.

SPANISH MANNERS.

About the latter end of May the whole population moves down stairs. A thick awning which draws stretched over the central square, on a level with the roof of the house, the window shutters are nearly closed from morning until sunset, admitting just light enough to see one another, provided the eyes have not lately been exposed to the glare of the streets. The floors are washed every morning, that the evaporation of the water imbued by the bricks may abate the heat of the air. A very light mat, made of a delicate sort of rush, and dyed with a variety of colors, is used instead of a carpet. The patio, or square, is ornamented with flower pots, especially round a jet d'eau, which in most houses occupies its centre. During the hot season, the ladies sit and receive their friends in the patio. The street doors are generally open, but invariably so from sunset till eleven or twelve in the night. Three or four very large glass lamps are hung in a line from the street door to the opposite end of the patio; and, as in most houses, those who meet at night for a Tertulia are visible from the streets, the town presents a very pretty and animated scene till near midnight. The poorer class of the people, to avoid the intolerable heat of their habitations, pass a great part of the night in conversation at their doors; while persons of all descriptions are moving about till late, either to see their friends or to enjoy the cool air in the public walks.

A foreigner must be surprised at the strange mixture of caution and liberty which appears in the manners of Spain. Most rooms have glass doors; but, when this is not the case, it would be highly improper for any lady to sit with a gentleman, unless the doors are open; yet, when a lady is slightly indisposed in bed she does not scruple to receive every one of her male visitors. A lady seldom takes a gentleman's arm, and never shakes him by the hand; but on the return of when they wish joy for some agreeable event, or common salutation is an embrace. An unmarried woman sits alone at a table, or at a door, nor must she sit with a gentleman, even when the doors of the room are open; but as soon as she is married, she may go by herself where she pleases, and sit alone with any man for many hours every day.

The custom of sleeping after dinner, called *Siesta*, is universal in summer especially in Andalusia, where the intensity of the heat produces languor and drowsiness. In winter, taking a walk, just after rising from table, is very prevalent.

Almost every considerable town of Spain is provided with a public walk, where the better classes assemble in the afternoon. These places are called *Alameda* from *Alamo*, a common name for the elm and poplar, the trees which shade such places. Large stone benches run in the direction of alleys, where people sit, either to rest themselves, or to carry on a long talk in whispers, with the next lady; an amusement which, in the idiom of the country, is expressed by the strange phrase, *placar la cara*, "to pluck the hen's turkey." We have in our *Alamedas* several fountains of most delicious water. No less than twenty or thirty men with glasses, each holding nearly a quart move in every direction so dexterously clashing two of them in their hands, that without any danger of breaking them, they keep up a pretty lively tinkling like that of well-tuned small bells. So great is the quantity of water which these people sell to the frequenters of the walk, that most of them live throughout the year on what they thus earn in summer. Success in this trade depends on their promptitude to answer every call, their neatness in washing the glasses, and most of all, on their skillful use of the pot-natured waggery peculiar to the lower classes of Andalusia. A knowing air, an arch smile, and some honied words of praise and endearment, as "my soul," and many others, which even a modest and high-bred lady will hear without the least displeasure, are infallible means of success among tradesmen who deal with the public at large, and especially with the more tender part of the public. The company in these walks presents a motley crowd of officers in their regiments; of clergymen in their cassocks, black coats and broad brimmed hats, not unlike those of the gentlemen in London; and gentlemen wrapped up in their capes, or in some uniform, without which a well-born Spaniard is almost ashamed to show himself.

DEXTEROUS PUNNING.

The following anecdote was sent by a young Lady to her lover, whose name was Nott, a few weeks before their marriage. The nuptial knot was tied soon after the discerning lover deciphered its import.

Why urge, dear sir, a bashful maid
To change her single lot?
When well you know I've often said,
In truth, I love you Nott.

For all your pain, I do, Nott, care,
And trust me, on my life,
Though you had millions, I declare,
I would, Nott, be your wife.

GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1762.

Whereas there is no express punishment for railing and scolding, it is therefore ordered, that all persons convicted before any court or magistrate who hath power cognizance of the case, for railing or scolding, shall be gagged, or set in a ducking stool, and dip under head and ears, three times, in some convenient place of fresh or salt water, as the court or magistrate may judge meet.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

"The Farmer is the exclusive, absolute, uncontrolled proprietor of the soil. His tenure is not from the government; the government derives its power from him. There is above him nothing but God and the laws; no hereditary authority usurping the distinctions of personal genius; no established church spreading its dark shadow between him and heaven. His frugal government neither desires nor dares to oppose the soil; voluntary offerings of sincere piety—His pursuits are directed to the common benefits of all. In multiplying the bounties of Providence, in the improvement and establishment of the soil; in the care of the inferior animals committed to his charge, he will find an ever varying and interesting employment, dignified by the name of liberal studies, and enlivened by the exercises of a simple and generous hospitality. His character assumes a loftier interest by its influence over the public liberty. It may not be foretold what dangers this country is destined, when its swelling population, its expanded territory, its daily complicating interests, shall awake the latent passions of men, and reveal the vulnerable points of our institutions. But whenever these perils come, its most steadfast security, its unflinching reliance, will be on that column of landed proprietors; the men of the soil and of the country; standing aloof from the passions which agitate denser communities; well educated, brave and independent; the friends of the government, without soliciting its favors; the advocates of the people, without descending to flatter their passions; these men, rooted like their own forests, may interpose between the factions of the country, to heal, to defend and to save."

There are many such men in this nation; and there was one, whom the old among us loved, and the young

est venerate; whom we may proudly place by the side of the master spirits of the best ages; the man whom his country's danger always sought at his farm, and his country's blessing always followed there; the model of American farmers. His memory is in all our hearts, and his example may well inspire a fondness for those pursuits which Washington most loved, and teach us there is no condition in which our lives may be more useful in which we may more honor ourselves and serve the country."

A BACHELOR.

From the sketch entitled a "Bachelor's confessions."

I have seldom met with an old bachelor that had not some time or other, his nonsensical moment, when he would become tender and sentimental, talk about the concerns of heart, and have some confession of a delicate nature to make. Almost every man has some little tract of romance in his life, to which he looks back with fondness, and about which he is apt to grow garrulous occasionally. He recollects himself, as he was at the time, young and gamesome; and forgets that his hearers have no other idea of the time of telling it, peradventure a withered whimsical spindle shanked old gentleman. With married men, it is true, this is not so frequently the case; their amorous romance is apt to decline after marriage; why, I cannot for the life of me imagine; but with a bachelor, though it may slumber, it never dies. It is always liable to break out again in transient flashes, and never so much as on an spring morning in the country, or on a winter evening, when seated in his solitary chamber, stirring up the fire, and talking of matrimony.

ILLUSTRATION OF OFFERINGS.—A factious Quaker, seeing a collector of taxes enter his doors, received him in a friendly manner, and as he was just going to dinner, requested his visitor to partake of his homely fare. The guest consented, and joined his liberal friend in his devotion at the shrine of Bacchus. Pipes were called for, and the collector enjoying the grateful fume, assured his entertainer thus much esteem; but took the liberty of hinting that it was now time to proceed to business, which forth the following remarks from Ephraim:

"Friend, I have received thee as a Christian and as a man. On thy entry, I gave thee a peace offering; for I shook hands with thee; at dinner I gave thee a meat offering; and afterwards a drink offering, and a burnt offering; and now, friend," added he, placing his elbow to his visitor's side, "I give thee a brave offering; and without further ceremony, pushed him out of his hospitable dwelling."

MARRIAGE.—The Romans not only rewarded those who married, but decreed penalties against men who remained in a state of celibacy. Fines were first levied on unmarried men about the year of Rome 550; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to ensure their obedience to those conubial edicts, their contumacious neglect of the fair sex was punished by degradation from their tribe. Celibacy, continued, however to gain ground in Rome; and to counteract its effects we find that, in the year 918 from the foundation of the city, the censors had recourse to the extraordinary measure of obliging all the young unmarried men to pledge themselves on oath to marry within a certain time. In Babylon, an auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually. The virgins of marriageable age in every district were assembled in a certain day every year. The most beautiful were first put up, and the man who made the largest sum of money gained possession of her, the second in personal appearance followed, and the purchasers gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. When all the beautiful virgins were sold, the priest ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least, and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome women, served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or had any other fault or imperfection.

BEAUTIFUL ADMONITION.—The Hindoos in baptizing their infants address to them this beautiful admonition—"Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around smiled; continue so to live, that you may depart in smiles, whilst all around you weep."

ANECDOTES.

YANKEE CLOWN.—In one of the Courts of Judicature in Massachusetts, some 10 or 20 years ago, an uncouth young fellow of the age of 18 was introduced into court as a witness for the plaintiff—upon which the defendant arose and objected to his being admitted as a witness, "for (said he) he does not know enough to understand the nature of an oath; therefore he ought not to be allowed his evidence in this court—and to convince you, gentlemen, that this is the case, I will ask him a few questions." He then turned to the young fellow and said, "who made you?" To which the fellow replied, "I don't know." "I suppose 'twas Moses," answered, gentlemen, I think it sufficient to convince you that what I have said respecting him is true, without any further evidence;" and sat down again. The young fellow by this time began to scratch his head and feel somewhat chagrined, that he should be thus taken off, and begged leave of the court to ask the gentleman who had just interrupted him a few questions. "Who made you, sir?" "To carry on the joke still further upon the awkward lad, he replied, 'I don't know, 'twas Adam.'" "Well (says the fellow) read in the good book, that Adam made a calf but I didn't know the darn'd fool had got here."

"WE WILL MARRY?—A couple of young ladies having buried their father who was an old humorist, and had such an aversion to matrimony, that he would not allow them to marry, however advantageous might be the offer, conversing on his character the eldest observed, "he is dead at last, and now we will marry." "Well," said the youngest, "I am for rich husband, and Mr. C. shall be my man." "Hold steady," said the other, "don't let us be too hasty in the choice of our husband, let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book." "I am sorry for that," replied the youngest, "for I am afraid father will tear out the leaf."

CURRAN, THE IRISH BARRISTER.—A barrister entered the hall with his wig very much awry; one of which not at all apprised, he was obliged to enquire from every observant person on his appearance, till at last addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" The answer instantly was, "Nothing but the heat."

A person who went to the Judge of Probate to get out letters of administration, to administer on his father's estate, who had lately deceased, asked the Judge if he was a Judge of Probate. No sir, replied the Judge. I am Judge of Probate. That's no difference, replied the former. Well, what's your will said the Judge? "Why, my father died testate, and left five infants, if whom I am chief, and I want to get out letters of administration, that I may diminish the estate as fast as possible."